

The Comical Historie of

Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heavenly Picture.
Is like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought; it were too grosse
To ribb her feared cloth in the obscure grave:
Or shall I thinke in silver shee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O sinfull thought, never so rich a jem
Was set in worse then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule?
He reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my out-side to behold;
Guilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your answere had not been inscrol'd.
Fare yee well, your sute is cold.*

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I have too greiv'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus loofers part.

Exit.

Port.

the Merchant of Venice.

Port. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complection choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Sal. VVhy man I saw *Bassanio* under sayle,
VVith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their Ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Jew with out-cries raide the Duke,
VVho went with him to search *Bassanio's* Ship.

Sal. He came too late, the Ship was under Saile,
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a *Gondylo* were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*,
Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his Ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dogge Iewe did utter in the streets;
My daughter, o my Ducats, o my Daughter
Fled with a Christian, o my Christian Ducats.
Justice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter,
A sealed bagge, two sealed bagges of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And Jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my Daughter: Justice, finde the girle,
Shee hath the stones upon her, and the Ducats.

Salar. Why, all the boyes in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.

Solan. Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Solar. Marry well remembred;
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday.
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A Vessell of our Countrey richly fraught:
I thought upon *Antonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare,

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